

The Times-Dispatch

Published Daily and Weekly at No. 4 North Tenth Street, Richmond, Va.
Entered January 27, 1903, at Richmond, Va., as Second-Class Matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

The DAILY TIMES-DISPATCH is sold at 2 cents a copy.
The SUNDAY TIMES-DISPATCH is sold at 5 cents a copy.

DAILY TIMES-DISPATCH by mail—50 cents a month; \$5.00 a year, \$2.50 for six months; \$1.50 for three months.
SUNDAY TIMES-DISPATCH by mail \$2.00 a year.

The DAILY TIMES-DISPATCH, including Sunday, in Richmond and Manchester, by Carrier, 12 cents per week, or 50 cents per month.

The SUNDAY TIMES-DISPATCH, by Carrier, 5 cents per week.
The WEEKLY TIMES-DISPATCH, \$1.00 year.

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Uptown Office at T. A. Miller's, No. 510 East Broad Street.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1903.

From June 1st the price of The Times-Dispatch, delivered by carrier within the corporate limits of Richmond and Manchester, is 12 cents per week, or 50 cents per calendar month.

Persons leaving the city for the summer should order The Times-Dispatch mailed to them. Price, 50 cents per month.

ROOSEVELT IN THE SADDLE.

On Thursday last the Ohio Republican Convention endorsed Mr. Roosevelt for another term and adopted a platform in which the convention declared itself as "holding fast to the doctrine of equity everywhere, in the exercise of elective franchise, maintaining that justice requires any State excluding any of its citizens from the ballot to be proportionately reduced in its representation in the electoral college and the lower house of the National Congress."

On the same day President Roosevelt in an address at Springfield, Ill., paid his respects to a company of colored soldiers, in which he said that it was his "good fortune" at Santiago to serve beside colored troops, and further that "a man who is good enough to shed blood for his country, is good enough to be given a square deal afterwards."

Here we have a significant exhibition of Republicanism, of Roosevelt Republicanism. The Ohio convention was a Roosevelt affair. It was dominated by Senator Foraker, the personal representative of President Roosevelt, and all the proceedings of the convention had the Roosevelt tinge. The Ohio platform represents Mr. Roosevelt's views, and it is significant that while this convention was talking about enforcing the fifteenth amendment and the fourteenth amendment, and reducing the representation in the South according as the negro is disfranchised, Mr. Roosevelt was making love to the negro troops. He went out of his way to say that it was his "good fortune" at Santiago to serve beside colored troops. He might also have said and so expressed his true sentiments, that it was his "good fortune" to have a negro at his table with the members of his family, that it was his "good fortune" to appoint negroes to office in defiance of the wishes of the white people of the South, that it was his "good fortune" to push the negro ahead politically and socially.

The southern people know now what they have to expect if Mr. Roosevelt is elected for another term. We are not raising the race issue. Mr. Roosevelt has raised it, and he is going to make it a very live issue so long as he is in the presidential chair. Roosevelt will undoubtedly be the next Republican nominee, and if the southern people wish to retire the race issue they must beat Roosevelt.

But Mr. Roosevelt has strong opposition at the North, as well as in the South, in the West, as well as in the East, and if Democrats in all these sections will but come together and compromise their differences equitably and honorably put forward a man who has the confidence of the people, they will have a splendid chance to win.

COMMON SENSE AND PROHIBITION.

The Danville Register reproduces some remarks of ours on the distinction between local option and prohibition, and makes sensible and timely comments.

"We have echoed in these columns," says the Register, "the statement which has appeared in so many Democratic papers that it is bound to be the choice is limited. The result must be either the open saloon, with whatever corrupting tendencies it may gather about it, or absolute prohibition. There is no reasonable enactment making provision for something between these extremes. This is an aspect of the situation concerning which a great many people do not take the trouble to inform themselves before they go to the polls to vote at a local option election. We have reason to believe that such was the case at the recent local option election in this city. Thoughtful men believe that the community would be better off without the saloon influence, voted dry, being under the impression, however, that the drug stores would be allowed to sell liquor for medicinal purposes on physicians' prescriptions. Having discovered that they were mistaken about this, there is also reason to believe that some who voted dry have kicked themselves since for not taking the trouble to find out what they were doing. The greatest hindrance to true temperance in the country is that it has no place to stand. It appears to us that such a situation is sadly defective."

So it is. It is true that there is a choice in some places between the open saloon and the dispensary, but many people are with reasons opposed to the dispensary on the ground that the government should not engage in the liquor traffic. For our part, we believe that the major part of the evil of the liquor traffic is in the open saloon. It is in the saloon that most men acquire the liquor habit. The saloon is always an allurement to the young, and the fascination of social drinking causes much excess. This is true of the best and most orderly saloons, and as for the disreputable dram shops, they are veritable storm centers and cesspools. Most people believe that whiskey is necessary, and many believe that its sale under proper restrictions should be permitted by law. But, as our Danville contemporary says, in prohibition contests it is absolute prohibition or wide open saloons, and there is no middle ground. It is a mistake. We feel sure that there are in every community men who, while opposed to absolute prohibition, are none the less opposed to saloons, and would vote for a compromise measure which would close up the places where liquor is sold by the drink in the most enticing form, and restrict the traffic to places which should sell it in sealed packages, not to be drunk on the premises. But to talk to the average prohibitionist about "compromising with the liquor devil" is to flout a red flag in his face.

BOOTH'S INTERMENT.

Of course, the story that John Wilkes Booth, the slayer of Lincoln, escaped and lived until recently in Oklahoma, where he committed suicide, was not taken seriously. As we showed in an editorial article at the time, there can be no doubt on the score of Booth's death, soon after the assassination. He was killed, and his remains were interred in Baltimore, after having been fully identified.

At the interment the services of the Rev. Dr. Fleming James were obtained. In the absence of a resident pastor, who would have officiated could he have been present at the time. The Doctor was a native of this city, a soldier in our army, and after the war was graduated from the Episcopal Seminary and ordained as a minister. He was in Baltimore by chance, when called upon to officiate at the grave of Booth, and he did so quietly and without thought of sensationalism. What was his surprise, then, upon returning to New York, to find that his parishioners were very much incensed against him, and those in authority over him demanded an explanation. His answer was a bold and straightforward vindication of his course, but so high did public feeling run at that time it was not satisfactory, and he resigned his position. He, however, had good friends elsewhere, who appreciated his high character and the dignity of his position, and he was first called to Canada and then afterwards to a church in Baltimore, and later on served in Philadelphia, we believe.

JOHN WARWICK DANIEL.

The Roanoke Times insists that the majority of the people of Virginia do not desire Major Daniel's re-election to the Senate. If so, the people have a strange way of showing it. In spite of the criticisms of our contemporary and one or two other newspapers, no candidate was found to oppose him in the primary, and as the time for candidates to announce themselves has expired, Chairman Elyson, of the State Democratic Committee, has notified Senator Daniel that he is the party nominee. In all human probability Senator Daniel will be elected to succeed himself, and, contrary to the opinion of our Roanoke contemporary, whose opinions are always entitled to respect, we believe that he is by long odds the choice of the people.

John W. Daniel has been a true and loyal friend to his State, in war and in peace, in times of political turmoil as well as in times of peace, and he has made us an honorable and useful member of the Senate. He has not sought to exploit himself, and has not taken the pains to advertise all his achievements, but he has labored diligently and successfully for Virginia's interests in the Federal Congress, and he can always be counted upon to defend her with his powerful eloquence against all assaults of her enemies. It is comforting to know that he is our watchman on the tower, and we hope that his useful life will be spared for many years to come.

THE DAVIS ARCH.

After a most exhaustive and painstaking inquiry into the subject, it develops that the Davis Arch cannot be erected for the sum of \$50,000, as was expected and required when the design of Mr. Gudebrod was accepted.

Accordingly these facts will be embodied in a report to the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, which will be called upon to meet before long, and which will give direction to further proceedings in this matter. We dare say that this will bring the whole question of site and design to the forefront again.

We consider it certain that the report of the special committee will have great weight before the Monument Association, which association is the parent organization. It operates under a charter of the Virginia Legislature. It is regularly established by law, and each State of the Confederacy has a representative upon it.

In short, the work that the veterans laid down the Daughters of the Confederacy took up, and have succeeded well in doing so far. And so, while the matter of design and site is by no means settled, yet we entertain no doubt that the Daughters and their committees and advisers know what they are doing, and that in good time and season they will bring their patriotic enterprise to a satisfactory conclusion.

THE PRIMARY.

So far as we have observed, the newspapers of Virginia are generally in favor of the primary plan. The Suffolk Herald is one of the few papers which "does not hesitate to say that it is opposed to primaries," but that as it may be the Herald says that the State Democratic convention has made the primary a law of the party, and that Democrats are under as much obligation to support the resolution of the Norfolk convention requiring primaries as they were to support the nominees of that convention.

That is good doctrine. The convention

was authorized to make this rule, and it is the duty of the party to obey it.

The General Assembly is also under obligation to enact a law to legalize party primaries, and it is under obligation to carry out the spirit of the resolution. Of course, we refer to the Democratic members of that body, who are in overwhelming majority. The wise thing to do, as Chairman Elyson has so well said, and the correct thing to do, is to give the primary plan a fair test. There should be no evasion on the part of the party in putting the plan into effect, and there should be no evasion on the part of the Democratic members of the General Assembly in enacting the primary law. If it be shown that the primary plan is not successful or that it is not desirable, the pros and cons may be discussed at the next State convention, and if the majority so decide the whole plan may be abolished. The convention is the supreme authority, and has the right to repeal, but so long as the rule is in force it is the duty of the party to obey it in spirit as well as in letter.

Mr. A. E. T. Scruggs, of Crozet, and Captain Shaw, of Drake's Branch, both rejoice in the possession of silver dollars which were paid out to them by the fast-fading Confederate government in April, 1865. As stated in Mr. Scruggs' letter in The Times-Dispatch yesterday, he was paid at Washington, Ga., by President Davis. Captain Shaw was paid at Greensboro, N. C., by another official.

The coins they preserve are curiosities in their way, but a greater one would be a specimen of the Confederate dollar or half dollar that was coined at the New Orleans Mint.

Our recollection is that when the Confederate government took possession of the mint it coined a few pieces of money with the imprint of "The Confederate States of America" upon them. Such specimens would probably be the most valuable of Confederate money issues, but there are some steel-plate or lithographic notes, which are said to be so rare as to be worth their face value.

While President Roosevelt was making a speech in Iowa and bragging that our navy can lick the world, a hundred white doves were released from cages, and they flew right over the stand from which the President was speaking. This was not intended as a rebuke to war talk, but it looked a little that way.

You could never call the man a good bookkeeper who does not return the one you loan him.—Newport News Times-Herald.

But you may designate that one who fails to return your umbrella as a good lifter.—Farmville Herald.

And isn't it curious that there are artians who will recover your old umbrella before the "lifter" gets it?

Mr. Thomas E. Watson, who is a visitor in Richmond, says that he has given up politics and will devote his remaining days to the more pleasing occupation of writing books. We are glad to hear it. His "Story of France" is one of the most delightful works of history in print, and is as fascinating as a novel.

What has New England done this time that it should still be held in the embrace of a withering drought, while the balance of the country is getting all the shower baths it needs?

When Miss Stone gets to Constantinople to prosecute that kidnapping claim against the Sultan's government, the head of the government better take to the high timber.

Hicks ought to be made to suffer, as the floods in the West, the drought in New England and the cyclones in the South were all scheduled by him.

The latest suit of a certain Richmond tailor was cut out by his long-lost wife. It remains to be seen whether or not it will be a misfit.

Mississippi is just too proud to stay on the map. She has just completed her magnificent million dollar Capitol.

The question is, Which political party will the few remaining Populists hold responsible for the Kansas floods?

The man with a contract to sprinkle the streets knows how to appreciate a day like yesterday.

The latest Wilkes Booth controversy finally disposes of him, anyhow. All former ones left him living.

Six hundred million dollars are said to be missing from the New York stock market. You may search for us.

Virginia would not mind experimenting with a small Boer colony.

Prophet Jefferson saw some encouragement in the clouds yesterday.

Any old war vessel can climb the Mississippi to St. Louis now.

With a Comment or Two.

Anyhow, local option in Virginia makes the cost of canvassing for county offices a good deal lighter than it used to be.—Times-Dispatch.

Look for local option! It always looked like a pity that the boys had to pay so dearly for their nomination and election.

Local option and the Barksdale Bill will reduce expenses very much.—South Boston News.

It may be the proper thing to do to reserve the remains of Patrick Henry from Red Hill in Charlotte, to St. John's, Richmond, but that the grave is in any neglected condition is all far from true. The cemetery has been lovingly and thoughtfully cared for and to-day is as pleasant to the eye as any square in Hollywood.—Farmville Herald.

That's good. The impression that has gone out is quite the contrary.

We see in the latest crop bulletin that the prolonged drought is confined exclusively to New England and Northern New York. Elsewhere there's rain to spare, not to mention floods. The only consolation we get from this uneven distribution of moisture is that it is better to be parched than drowned.—Boston Herald.

Come to old Virginia and strike the happy medium, just enough of sunshine and just enough of rain.

We are glad to read that the city of Richmond is not charging an exorbitant rent for use on the City Hall by the Corporation Commission, but only actual expenses.—Farmville Herald.

Who expected her to do otherwise?

See-Dee Summer Outing Tours Free See Sunday Paper.

Trend of Thought In Dixie Land

Florida Times-Union: No less than thirty-six indictments for peonage have been returned by the United States grand jury in two Alabama counties. At the same time, the extent to which this form of legalized oppression has been carried will prove such as to involve the entire State.

Birmingham News: Mr. Cleveland has a knack for saying things. His talent for not saying things when they should not be said is even more marked.

Nashville American: German's nomination would keep the Republicans guessing from the start. There is no sureword in the game of politics. The Republicans would rather believe that they had a fight on their hands, than that they would win. We have not noticed that Senator Bailey is booming (Gorman), but we shall not be surprised to see him leading the Democrats within the next six or eight months adventuring the nomination of the gentleman from Maryland.

Atlanta Constitution: It is a mighty heavy hand that will take advantage of a hero being dead. "Marching Through Georgia" was the musical piece of a resister at the unveiling of the General Sherman statue, and it is told of old Tennessee that he never heard the tune without swearing inwardly or audibly, as the occasion permitted.

A Few Foreign Facts.

The general annual report of the British army gives the normal establishment strength of the army, reserve, militia and volunteers in 1902 as 224,419 men, and the actual strength as 141,719.

There are now in custody in England and Wales, undergoing terms of imprisonment for crimes, 43,000 of comparatively recent importation. An investigation into the antecedents of these criminals shows that in many cases they were driven or assisted out of their own countries and entered Great Britain unchallenged.

Long distance telephony makes good progress. St. Martin's de Grand has just succeeded in ringing New Orleans on the telephone and speaking through. The distance is 960 miles. Telephone lines will soon be opened between Paris and Rome. On the latter line the charges, it is understood, will be, as, for three minutes' conversation from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M., and 18c. 8d. after.

The educational test of immigrants shows illiteracy among the Scotch, Swedes and Norwegians to be 1 per cent.; among the English, Finns and Moravians, 2 per cent.; among the Germans, 3 per cent.; Japanese, 5 per cent.; Dutch, 6 per cent. The range of illiteracy among these 20 nations is from 12 per cent. among the Magyars to 48 per cent. among the Italians. The general impression that German schools are the most efficient seems to be groundless.

An industrial census of Bohemia shows that of its 2,605,000 population 450,327 are engaged in manufactures, and of these 290,000 are women. Most of the work is done by hand and at home. These "home" workers live in the little villages which stretch almost continuously along the banks of mountain streams, and the women and girls, in great baskets slung on their backs, carry the raw and finished goods between home and factory over steep mountain paths, which in winter are covered with snow and ice.

Personal and General.

Prof. R. S. Cocks has been elected president of the Louisiana Society of Naturalists.

A warm reception was given Brigadier-General J. Franklin Bell on the occasion of his visit to his native town, Shelbyville, Ky., Thursday.

George W. Vanderbilt is to establish a railway station and build another "model village" between Hendersonville, N. C. and Brevard, N. C., about thirty miles from Asheville.

The Episcopal Diocese of Georgia has voted to place in Christ Church, Savannah, a tablet in memory of Rev. John Wesley, who was the first rector of Christ Church.

Rev. C. H. Jones, of the First Presbyterian Church of Oswego, N. Y., has shocked the conservative element of the town by making a contract with a bill poster to bill the city advertising his sermons.

Governor La Follette, of Wisconsin, has signed the primary election bill in his State with a quill pen made from a feather taken from the crown of the war bonnet of the Sioux Indian chief Red Cloud.

Secretary Shaw will attend the commencement exercises of Cornell College at Mount Vernon, Ia., his alma mater, on June 10th.

Disappearing Populism.

The Seventh Kansas District, which has just rolled up a plurality of 14,000 for a Republican, is the district that used to send Jerry Simpson to Congress. This shows the present status of populism in Kansas.—Kansas City Journal.

DAILY FASHION HINTS.

Child's Gibson Frock.



The frock illustrated here is a jaunty model of the "Gibson" order, with plain skirt, made of a plaid, linen, Madras or cloth. It will make a serviceable garment, and no trimming will be necessary.

No. 2367—Sizes for 4, 6 and 8 years. The size for 4 years will require 5 yards of goods 27 inches wide. The only consolation we get from this uneven distribution of moisture is that it is better to be parched than drowned.—Boston Herald.

On receipt of 10 cents this pattern will be sent to any address. All orders must be directed to THE LITTLE FOLKS PATTERN CO., 115 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK. When ordering please do not fail to mention number.

No. 2367.

Name.....

Address.....

THE PURPLE GOD.

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON. Copyright, 1903.

CHAPTER XXII—CONTINUED.

"Have you seen her?" he demanded.

"I have spoken with Zeenut, sahib, and all I will, I shall see her again in four days' time."

"And how has the fighting gone since morning?"

"The English hold their advanced battery, and they have greatly damaged the Moreau bastion."

"But they will be driven out to-morrow," Govind Pant continued. "Delhi is safe for a month to come—until more troops and artillery join the army on the ridge." As he spoke he gazed at the window, and looked out for an instant. "Sahib, step hither," he said quickly. "I have something to show you."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DAY OF RETRIBUTION.

The sudden change of tone, the keen note of alarm in the Hindoo's voice, had instantly detected by Jack. He hurried to the casement and peered through a crevice in the latticework, fully expecting to find a file of rebel soldiers at the other gate, come to search the house for himself.

But only one person was to be seen, and at first sight there was nothing in his appearance or manner to excite mistrust. He was a tall, lean fellow, with a plumed maharaja steep cap on his head, and a crimson jacket buttoned over a square chest. He wore a turban of his hly, and carried a short stick under his arm, English fashion.

"Watch him, sahib!" muttered Govind Pant. "Keep your eyes fixed upon him."

The man swaggered carelessly, with an easy gait, along the far side of the narrow street, and as he drew opposite the house he darted two swift and furtive glances at the walled courtyard.

Then he passed on with a jaunty step, and was soon hidden from view, but not before Jack had recognized something of a familiar face. He had heard of him, the young officer's start of surprise did not escape the Hindoo.

"You saw him look this way?" the latter asked hoarsely. "And surely you have seen the man before, sahib—I can read your face."

"What is he doing here?" Jack answered, evasively. "Tell me what you know about him."

"That is very little, sahib, but such as I know, I shall tell you. I have kept silence concerning the matter, lest I should cause you needless alarm. The facts are these. On several occasions during the past month, and in different parts of the city, men who have been just passed by him, have dogged my footsteps from a distance. So, at least, I suspected, though until this moment I could not have sworn to it. But there is no longer any doubt. I caught a glimpse of him sinking along in the rear when I turned out of the Chandney Choke this evening, and that is why I looked from the window as soon as I entered the house."

"The fellow's actions were uncommonly like those of a spy," declared Jack. "You are certain that he is an utter stranger to you?"

"By Brahma, I swear," Govind Pant replied vehemently. "I know nothing of the man! But you, sahib, cannot say the same."

"You are partly right," Jack admitted. "I have a suspicion, which may be entirely wrong, that I do know him. I saw him in the red jacket was not a renegade Bengal fusilier from my own regiment, he bore enough resemblance to him to be his twin brother."

"The same, sahib?"

"Joe Spanish."

"I have heard it. The man was in the service of Chandray Singh at Jhalapur? And he was with the force who stormed the village?"

"Yes, that's right."

"He now commands the rajah's body-guard, since Balam Khan was killed by a shell," declared Govind Pant, whose severity had faded into mildness.

"I hope he may come to the same end," said Jack. "But we are no nearer the bottom of the mystery. With what object has Joe Spanish been shadowing your movements, Can you suggest that I am interested in this house?"

"Impossible, sahib! Did he believe that he would not have dared to swagger by openly, lest you should see and identify him?"

"Perhaps he has learned of your secret meetings with Zeenut?"

Govind Pant shook his head. "He can know nothing of that either," he replied. "Let not your mind be troubled. Pant, for you are absolutely safe under my roof. This matter concerns me alone."

He added, hesitatingly, "for I think it deals with the part I took in the defense of my poor father's stronghold. However, I have no fear."

"You have been absolved, then?" Jack suggested pointedly.

Govind Pant denied the covert insinuation. "I am not at all," he said, "because the affair is too old to be harked up at such a time, when all men think only of the siege."

"All but Joe Spanish," Jack said to himself. "My wily Hindoo friend is something of a peep that you are keeping something back."

The young officer was only partly reassured, and when he mounted to the roof that night he was unable to fall asleep so readily as usual, but tossed for several hours on his chirrupy, listening to the muffled sounds of the great, wicked city, and gazing with yearning eyes toward the tower of Chandray Singh's house, which was etched darkly against the purple sky.

Meanwhile, down below, Govind Pant was doing what he had not thought it necessary to do since the siege began, and he had made the house secure, and he knew it, but a host of doubts and fears would not let him rest. Accompanied by his mother, and carrying a heavy sword, he went into the courtyard, where he looked about among the stunted trees, and examined the strong bolts on the outer gate. Then he put a second bar on the inner door, shoved a heavy piece of furniture against it, and mounted to his bed chamber.

"Does the fatal curse overshadow me?" he muttered, "for are my fears groundless?"

He unlocked a tall Agra cabinet, in which he kept his gold and silver, and with shaking hands took from a drawer a small, square box of sandalwood. Having put this under his pillow, and a brace of loaded pistols near it, he stretched himself on the chirrupy with a weary sigh.

A bronze lamp burned dimly on a shelf, and the great bound lay curled on a strip of carpet by his master's feet. Both slept fitfully as the night wore on.

At early dawn, as the pale opal light crept over the eastern quarter of the city, Jack was awakened by a furious cannonading, by the thunderous crash of big guns exchanging iron compliments. He would have preferred to remain on the roof, but that was strictly against orders, so he burrowed down into his nest of apartments, to endure as best he could another wearisome twelve-hour intermission. Govind Pant went out during the afternoon, bidding Jack be on his guard lest any one should try to break into the house, and there was no doubt of the firing when he returned at twilight.

"Your people will hold their position," he said.

he said. "Delhi will not fall until October."

That night there was cannonading at intervals, and for the next three days the siege was carried on with obstinate and unflinching determination. One heard continually the clatter and rumble of falling stones and the explosion of shells fired from guns nearer the ridge, as they dropped and burst inside the city. By dawn of the 11th a second battery had been erected in front of Ludlow Castle, on the left bank of the river.

The 12th saw more batteries thrown up by the dauntless besiegers, and all that day and night, and from morning till night, the 13th, the guns and the wounded men, and the fire of the guns, and the walls, holding their own in spite of heavy losses and a terrible cannon fire from the bastions.

The secluded old house near the Chandney Choke life went on much as usual, in the same monotonous channel. Jack was kept fairly well informed, but the news that filtered through to him conformed no assurance of a speedy victory for Nicholson's gallant force, and he was disposed to believe the Hindoo's content statement that Delhi was still impregnable.

Govind Pant was absent for the greater part of each day, and every night he took the same precautions about locking up, though he had seen nothing more of the spy who resembled Joe Spanish.

The 15th, it was learned, was the date fixed for the next meeting with Zeenut, and Jack was hotly impatient to know the result of it. Govind Pant returned late in the afternoon, and a hurried meal, and left a message to keep his trust at the rajah's garden.

The minutes now seemed like hours to the young officer, as he paced the floor restlessly, while the British guns continued to pour their iron hail at the Moreau and Cashmere bastions.

At 10 o'clock the fire ceased abruptly on both sides, and very strange and welcome was the silence, which was broken only by muffled cannonading about the city. Chandney Choke and other avenues of the city. An hour dragged by, and it was past 11 when the Hindoo returned. He entered the room, carrying a lamp in one hand and in the other a tiny scroll of paper.

"Zeenut did not fall me," he said, "and this time I have brought you a written message, sahib."

Jack snatched the letter eagerly, and held it to the light, he read the few lines that it contained, scrawled on a coarse bit of paper in Madge's familiar hand.

"Unless you can help me, I am lost," the girl wrote. "I would have sent you word before, but I wished to spare you the pain as long as possible. For some weeks the traitor, Joe Spanish, has persecuted me with hateful attentions as if he could find a pretext for coming to my quarters."

Jack refused to listen to him, the scorn and abhorrence that I cannot hide, have turned him into a fiend, and he now swears that he will kill me with his own hand on the day that the city is taken, rather than permit me to be rescued. He boasts that he will send an order for my execution through the man Raghava, who became